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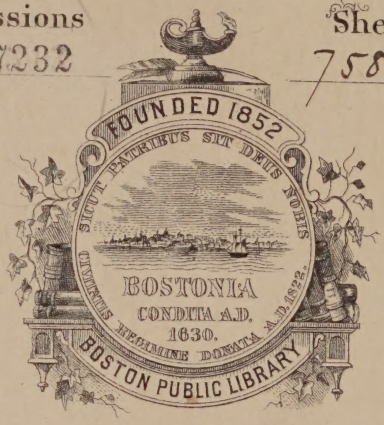

Received MAY 6 1891

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.

A SYNOPSIS OF FIVE LECTURES

—ON—

"BOSTON'S BIG GIANT"

—BY—

REV. A. B. KENDIG, D.D.

Sunday Afternoons, March 7th, 14th, 21st, 28th, and April 4th, 1886,

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

MUSIC HALL SUNDAY AFTERNOON TEMPERANCE MEETINGS,

JAMES H. ROBERTS and BENJ. R. JEWELL, Managers.

The attendance being more than Two Thousand at each Lecture.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED (BY REQUEST) BY THE
MASSACHUSETTS TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY,
36 BROMFIELD STREET, ROOM 3,
1886.

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HARVARD UNIVERSITY

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93 Federal Street,
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LECTURE I.

THE GIANT INTERVIEWED.

Should any be curious to know why I, a minister of the Gospel, appear on the platform of this hall, on a Sabbath, to discuss the *Liquor Question*, I beg to satisfy that curiosity with the following reasons, viz.: 1. I am a man, and therefore interested in whatever affects man. 2. I am a citizen, and justly desirous of the highest good of the State. 3. I am a husband and father, anxious for the welfare of the family. 4. But I am a Christian, bound to shield my brother from all ill, and aid him to the possession of all good. For these reasons I am compelled to speak, and would be censurable if I held my peace.

Boston has a *Giant*, and before these lectures are finished it will be seen that he is a "*Big Giant!*" As that Carthagenian general swore "eternal enmity to Rome," so we declare our hostility to this Rum Giant, until his last victim is released and himself destroyed. In the laconic phrases of our deceased Grant, we declare our purpose to "move on your lines at once," demanding "unconditional surrender," and a determination to "fight it out on this line, if it takes another century!"

I. Look at the Nativity of this Giant.

To interview the Giant is a difficult task, because his *mother* is without intelligence or speech, possessing only sensation; and his *father* is not accessible to me. But from an old chronology I gather these facts about him:

1. *His birth* occurred A. M. 1656, B. C. 2347, or 4,003 years ago. "My, how old he is!" yes, in years, but not in purpose, vigor, activity, or destructiveness. There are no furrows on his smooth face; no emaciation of his rotund form; no palsied trembling of his hands; no shuffling in his walk, indicating an acute attack of gout, or the decrepitude of old age. No, although over 4,000 years of age, he is as jolly, boyish, frolicksome, vivacious, lighthearted, roistering, and as self-complacent as a member of the —— Philadelphia common council; or as a —— New York alderman! In his childhood he dreaded a water deluge as much as in his adulthood, and so he put in his appearance *after* the flood. Since his birth, he has been at the accouchment of every nation, the inauguration of each new dynasty, and a *tearful* mourner at the burial of every potentate; and yet "his natural force is not abated." Having escaped the ailments that prove fatal to so many infants, he has reached majority; he lives well, and he proposes to live long; and they who wait his dying from *natural causes*, are pitiable Utopians, expecting what neither themselves or their remotest decendants will ever witness.

2. *His Birth-place* was Armenia, in Asia, *on* or *near Ararat*. The record of his genealogy runs thus: "Noah began to be a husbandman, and planted a vineyard, — and he drank of the wine and was drunken." Though first, he is not last, nor least; he was born on a good man's ground, amid his trellised hills, and of his purpled vintage.— Did Noah understand the nature of intoxicants? *No*. If yes, his conduct contradicts observation and experience — for a second drunk is easier than the first, and he never was known to be drunk a second time.

3. *His Progenitors*. The devil is his father; the flesh his mother; and the earth his home. This is not hyperbole, the poetry of rhetoric, or the exuberance of an excited imagination. His conduct, progeny, and affinity, clearly indicates his paternity. It is an axiom in ethics. "By their fruits ye shall know them." *a. He is actuated by cupidity*. His hellish desire for gain is his controlling impulse — and this with no equivalent and without regard to means or end. *b. He revels in the lusts of fleshly appetite*. As leeches suck the blood, and certain parasites fatten on the animals whom they destroy, so he grows plethoric by feasting on the bodies of a debased and bestialized humanity. *c. He does the work of the devil*. "Ye are of your father, the devil; and the lusts of your father ye will do." Jo. 8-44. Satan, deceiver—so Giant— "deceiving the very elect." Does Satan hate good men and good deeds? So Giant. Noah, his first victim, and he a church member! He has tripped thousands of them since. But if his first victim was a church member, so was the first teetotaler a church member, — Manoah's wife. Newman Hall, is credited with saying that 30,000 church members fall annually in England, through drink. It has been well said, —

"O, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil." — *Shakespeare*.

d. Earth is his home. No hops, corn, or grapes grow in the next world; no breweries or distilleries; no licensed shops or thirsty customers! With this life his occupation ends.

II. Look at his Present Condition.

He is here, and he intends to stay, without so much as "by your leave, gentlemen!" We hear in some places the cry, so utterly un-American,— "the Chinese must go!" If they who seek to drive out the inoffensive Celestial would unite to destroy the Giant Rum monopoly, it would be a greater credit to their head and heart. If the adage is true that "Possession is nine points in law," it must be admitted that the Giant has the nine points, for certainly he has possession.

1. *He has great wealth*. His active and invested capital in the United States cannot be less than $1,500,000,000! In our city, according to the statement of Dr. Jenks, ex-chairman of the Board of Police Commissioners, before the Legislative Committee, he has $75,000,000 invested in the business. Mr. L. Edwin Dudley says $30,000,000. Between these statements, we safely assert $50,000,000 of money is his working capital. Reckoning licensed (2,648), and unlicensed (1,000), he has 3,648 business houses under his control in this city alone!

Compared with our Giant, your Goulds, Vanderbilts, and bonanza kings are paupers. No danger of his dying from starvation, becoming a street mendicant, or dependent in your homes of charity, however many he may beggar. He has ample funds to defend his prosecuted children; buy

up all the purchasable voters; command the ablest jurists to do his bidding; secure all the abettors he wants in legislative halls or jury box; his wallet is bloated with greenbacks; his pockets weighted with gold and silver; and his note of hand acceptable at most counters of exchange. His business places are fitted up most elegantly and with a prodigality of expenditure that is astounding to honest men. He is the Crœsus of the city, whom many flatter, and most fear.

2. *He has great influence, because of his distinguished associations.* Among his *intimate* friends he counts Presidents, Congressmen, Supreme Judges, Governors, Barristers, Physicians, Merchants, Bankers, Educators, Generals, Commodores, Scientists, Poets, Actors, Mechanics, women of refinement, culture, wealth, and social influence, church-men, and municipal officers; beside the tens of thousands of ordinary mortals who comprise the rank and file of his devoted constituency. Because of his dominating influence, he packs your juries, bribes your judges, suborns your witnesses, corrupts your legislators, controls your voters, perjures sworn officials, cauterizes the public conscience, and stupefies an alarmed, but intimidated people.

He puts his finger at the very centre of social and political mischief —paralyzes energy, neutralizes educational agencies, and silences the voice of religion, while he baffles penal executions and obstructs political reform. He excites the evily disposed masses, which at every salient point threaten the community's social advance; giving to *ignorance* and *vice* a greater power than *intelligence* and *virtue* can command. By the potency of his influence, he allures the vain and ambitious into toils, and strangely succeeds in debasing manhood and womanhood below the plane of barbaric savagery, so that their condition of brutality may almost be plead in extenuation of their many and nameless vices. "It is impossible to examine any subject connected with the progress, the civilization, the physical well being, the religious condition of the masses," without coming in direct contact with the influence of *this Giant!*

3. *He has remarkable powers of fecundity.* Boston's Giant is a much married man; *he* has more wives and progeny than the king of Dahomy, the satraps of Africa, or owner of an eastern Harem. As polygamist, he out-Mormons Cannon. In the *Report of the Board of Police Commissioners* to the Legislature, Feb. 9, 1886, there were 2,648 licensed liquor establishments in the city. Of these there were distilleries, 3; breweries, 17=20. These are his wives. There were 386 wholesale establishments, these are his children; and there were 2,242 retailers, these are his grandchildren; to these last it is safe to add 1,000 more, and these are illegitimates, born out of wedlock, yet fed by the Giant and fathered by him. Could there be any wholesaling if no manufacturing? or retailing, if no wholesaling? But look farther, he has kindly feelings and generous impulses, and so he *adopts* many more children. There are certainly ten drinkers to each grandchild, 32,620; and these he calls his children. They are daily fed (or starved) at his table! These 20 mothers in our city, wives of our Giant, beget and perpetuate this festering mass of pollution that poisons every artery in the body social.

4. *He lives in splendid style.* In his place of business he walks amid cut-glass decanters and drinks from cut-glass goblets, while his burly and well-kept person is reflected from every side in costly mirrors. The walls are tastefully frescoed and adorned with pictures of partially nude women, eminent pugilists in tights, or celebrated turf-winners, showing he is not without the æsthetic instinct. From a costly carved counter his victims drink their stupefying, or exciting potions. From the bosom of his

immaculate linen, sparkles the lustrous diamond, another flashes from his finger, while still another dangles from his eighteen carat watch chain. Blooded steeds, in expensive harness, attached to a costly carriage, nervously paw the ground, or champ their bits, impatient at his delay; while liveried servants respond to his beck. His palatial home, of pressed brick and elaborately carved stone, stands conspicuously on the street, exciting the curiosity and admiration of all passers by. He enters by marble steps, between columns of rare material, and still rarer workmanship, into a spacious hall, buttressed on either side with parlors filled with exquisite pieces of statuary, rare vases of ancient and curious patterns, paintings of the masters, pieces of furniture of unique design and elegantly upholstered. Thus from attic to cellar, in house and stable, all is perfect and faultless. He reposes on costly divans, treads on rich tapestries, eats from a table covered with the varieties of all foods and groaning under a burden of costly furnishings; while he composes himself to sleep on a canopied bed, curtained with imported damask, edged with elaborately wrought lace. And mankind, looking at this splendid home thus exquisitely furnished, envies the Giant his possession!

Pause, and look you steadily; there is a dissolving view! The *foundation* stones of that elegant home turn to human bodies — they are the men and women slain by the Giant; the *carved stones* are wives robbed of their husbands; the *pressed brick*, orphaned children; the mortar that holds stone to stone and brick to brick, the blood of his murdered victims; the *window sills* is maidenhood despoiled of virtue; the *caps* are sons and brothers, debauched and ruined by his traffic; the *cornice* and its *brackets*, the five thousand dead, who annually fall victims to his cupidity in our midst; the *marble steps*, purity blasted by his licentiousness; those *costly columns* that sentinel the doorway, of such strange material and curious workmanship, are the petrified tears of our mothers, wives, sisters and daughters; the *door* of *entrance*, the passage way to a "bridge of sighs"; its elegant furnishings, the evidence of his refined cruelty, the product of his hellish traffic, which he purchased at the cost of love, purity, home, God, and heaven; the slabs on its roof are but the bone-dust of his slaughtered hecatombs; while the ornamental observatory, surmounting the whole, is the ink-stained license; and the flag floating from its mast, his signal of defiance to an outraged public sentiment. *Envy him!* But listen! hear you nothing? From the cellar comes sighs and groans of sufferers; from every brick the cry of a wronged child; from each stone comes the call of a deserted wife, "give me back my husband"; in every window is a giggling idiot; in every room the wild laugh of a fool; in the attic the wail of chained maniacs. Spectred devils gambol along halls and corridors, and feast their gloating spirits amid the horrid din of that mass of helpless and wailing humanity, while satan holds a jubilee of triumph in his profoundest hell! *Envy him!*

III. How he Perpetuates Himself.

If we study society, we will find

1. *But three classes*, Teetotalers, moderate drinkers, and drunkards. The *first*, not the *last* tip, makes the drunkard. If he does not take a *first*, he cannot the *last*.

2. *Where do moderate drinkers come from?*

A. From inheritance.

Dr. Brown, an eminent English writer on insanity declares: "The drunkard not only enfeebles and weakens his own nervous system, but he entails *mental* disease upon his family."

A writer in the British Psychological Journal (vol. 8), describing a class of persons fond of drink says: "They are the offspring of persons who have indulged in stimulants, or who have weakened the cerebral organization by vicious habits."

Mr. Darwin affirms: "It is remarkable that all the diseases arising from drinking spirituous or fermented liquors are liable to become hereditary, even to the third generation; increasing, if the cause be continued, till the family becomes extinct."

B. From the usages of society.

1. *Domestic.* Stimulating food to children, allowing them to handle it; having it in the house for use on table, or sideboard; many a drunkard having learned to drink at his own father's table!

2. *Medical practice.* I knew a church member to get drunk on Hostetter's bitters! And I knew a man who never touched it until thirty years of age, then having an ulcerated tooth, was advised to use it, and he has spent three fortunes since!

3. *The treating usages of society.* At balls, parties, weddings, by shopmates. A young man asked prayers for a friend who was a drunkard, and said, "I asked him to take his first drink." If *you will*, drink, but never ask another to! "Lead us not into temptation."

4. *The excitement and hurry of our American life* consumes our vitality, exhausts our energies, and then we resort to stimulants, late hours, etc.

It is time for each of us to bestir ourselves. The Giant is liable to strike *us* or *ours*, at any moment.

1. *I have no children.* No, but your neighbor has, and for their sakes you should cast the weight of your influence against the Giant.

2. *My children are girls.* But nearly six thousand were arrested last year! Your girls may marry a drinker, what then!

LECTURE II.

THE GIANT AMONG THE PEOPLE.

It has been said, that the test and end of good government, is the greatest happiness to the greatest number. In the face of this test, few, if any governments are conducted satisfactorily. Careful observation will show, that as a rule, politicians and parties expend their energies on matters of secondary importance, and with remarkable dexterity avoid those fundamental questions that most nearly affect the weal or woe of the masses. For I hazard the assertion, that among the English speaking peoples of the world, there is no question of such transcendant and momentous importance, so vital to real prosperity, so intimately connected with the peace of the family, and the welfare of communities, as that of drunkenness. And I submit there is no question more constantly tabooed, by the makers and administrators of our laws. But, ladies and gentlemen, we are trying to create a *public sentiment*, and then arouse and direct it in such a manner, as that the gentlemen who for four months in the year, sit under the gilded dome yonder, *shall listen* and *act*. A public sentiment, that shall be as broad as the nation itself, and that shall rouse and move to action our National Representatives, who framing laws under the ægis of the Goddess of Liberty, are the professed custodians of the nation's weal, and the exponents of the people's will. State and National Constitutional Prohibition, placed there by the aroused conscience, and the intelligent action of the people, is one of the *moral triumphs* of the near future; for information, purpose, effort, prayer, and God, are "marching on." The great rollers are sweeping shoreward, and each new wave brings nearer the flood-tide of triumph, as county after county, town after town, city after city, and state after state wheel into the line of total Prohibition!

WE ARE TO LOOK AT THE GIANT AND THE PEOPLE OF OUR CITY.

I. THE GIANT AND OUR BIRTHS.

Police Commissioners' Report for the year ending May 1, 1885, 16,780 arrests for drunkenness. Many, doubtless, were arrested several times; but these are offset by the thousands who were drunk and yet escaped arrest, by being able through friends to reach their homes. So that it is undoubtedly below the fact to say there were 17,000 drunk in our city in 1884. The total births for 1884 were 11,479 — about $1\frac{1}{3}$ births to every hour in the year! But we have about two drunk for each of the 8,760

hours of the year! If from these births you deduct females, say 6,000, you have 5,500 males left. So it appears that for every male child born in this city, the Giant gives birth to *three* drunken men!

In the name of childhood, I ask, what is the hope for the future, if our baby boys are to be seized at their birth by this monster ghoul, to be by him dehumanized into blear-eyed, maudlin-minded drunkards!

II. The Giant and our Population.

There are 3,648 liquor establishments in this city, licensed and unlicensed. Our total population is 390,000—one saloon to every 107 of the population. In the census of 1880 there were 172,268 males, and 190,571 females. Observing same ratio we add 10,000 to the males and 17,161 to the females, giving us 182,268 of the former and 207,732 of the latter, or the total population 390,000. Now eliminate the women and you have one saloon to every fifty men. In the city we have 112,140 polls, or one gin-mill to every 30½ voters. Take out the number of teetotalers, which is easily ten per cent., and you have one death trap to every twenty voters! I submit, these ought not to be thirsty, and most likely are not suffering for want of drink!

III. The Giant and our Public Schools.

We maintain 536 schools, and 1351 teachers—i. e. *one* school to every 734, and *one* teacher to every 288 of our population. But the Giant maintains 3648 schools, and at *three* teachers to a school, he has 10,944 teachers; *one* saloon to every 107 of the population, and *one* teacher to every 36. The public schools had an aggregate attendance of 58,920, or 110 scholars for each school, and 42 scholars to each teacher. Allow 30 visitors to each saloon daily, and you have 109,440 scholars who report daily at the saloon, and *one* teacher to every *ten* scholars.

Our public school teachers are in their schools and with their scholars, *six hours* a day, and *five* days in a week, and 34 weeks in a year. The Giant is in his school and with his scholars, 15 hours a day, *six* days in a week, and 46 weeks in a year, if he keeps the sabbath! (Do you think he does?) Give him the benefit of the doubt! To our 536 schools for cultivating the intellect, refining the manners, and qualifying for usefulness and happiness, the Giant is running 3648, almost *seven* to *one*, where intelligence is imbruted and morals debauched. To each of our educators in virtue, the Giant has *eight* educating to *vice*.

> In our world, death deputes
> Intemperance to do the work of age;
> And hanging up the quiver nature gave him,
> As slow of execution, for despatch,
> Sends forth his licensed butchers; bids them slay
> Their sheep (the silly sheep they fleeced before),
> And toss him twice ten thousand at a meal.
> .....Oh, what a heap of slain
> Cry out for vengeance on us! —*Young.*

We pay our 1356 teachers an annual sum of $1,118,751. The Giant pays his teachers a yearly sum of $10,213,584! That is to say, intelligent Boston pays $9,094,833 more to these teachers in schools of vice, than to her teachers in the schools of virtue, or *nine times* more for liquor than for brains! And yet, the Yankee is regarded as the type of shrewdness! We pay a million dollars to attain a certain result, and then pay *nine millions* more to

defeat the end in view. German and his dog—"While he lived he was worth noddings, now he ish dead, he ish worth fifty dollar"! Boy sober worth only $1, drunk worth $9.

IV. The Giant and the Churches.

There are 222 churches—*one* to each 1,757 inhabitants—allowing *two* pastors to each, 444, you have one pastor to every 878 souls. These pastors hold services say *six* hours a day and two days a week, so that they are with their audiences *twelve* hours a week. The Giant has *one church* (saloon) for every 107, and *one* preacher to every thirty-six of the people. He is with his congregations 15 hours daily and *six* days every week. Allow each church to have an average daily attendance of 1200, you have an aggregate attendance of 266,400 at all the churches. That would give you a weekly congregation of 532,800 for your 222 churches to be ministered to by 444 ministers. The Giant has a daily attendance (if we allow only thirty for each saloon) of 109,440 and an aggregate weekly attendance of 656,640. At *two* days a week, the church holds service for 104 days in the year, to audiences aggregating 27,705,600 souls. The Giant at *six days* a week, holds service for 312 days to an audience whose annual number in our city reaches 34,145,280. The population of the state is 1,941,465. So that 17 times a year a number equal to every man, woman and child in the Commonwealth passes into the saloons of Boston for drink. We may well pray, "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

Let us allow an annual expenditure for each of the churches of $6,000, you have a gross outlay of $1,332,000. If we allow $1,000 a year for each saloon (and this is low, while the former is high) you have an outlay of $3,648,000. To put it in other words, we, the cultured, intelligent, moral and religious citizens of the "Athens of America" and the "Hub of the Universe," spend $2,316,000 more each year for rum than for all our churches and ministers. Such is the Giant, his influence and revenue, as compared with the churches in Boston.

And in return what does this monster give us? He graduates ninety-three scholars into crime every day in the year. For every thirty-eight saloons he vomits upon the community one soul so lost to goodness and right-doing, as that he is ready for the commission of the worst of crimes, indifferent alike to the claims of God and man. Read the testimony of the nations, if you doubt my statements: —

Official answers in 1872 by the governments of the countries named, to the question, What are the principal causes of crime in your country?

Austria. Desire for luxuries and license, want of education and poverty.

Belgium. Oblivion of religious and moral principles, creation of factitious wants, *drunkenness* and idleness.

Denmark. Idleness, desire for pleasure and *habits of drinking.*

Bavaria. Rough manners and customs. It being the habit of the peasants to carry long, stilletto-like knives when visiting public houses and dancing places, on Sundays and holidays, the smallest cause often leads them to inflict on each other severe injuries.

Prussia. Neglect of education, dislike of work and *drunkenness.*

Mexico. Want of education, *abuse of intoxicating drinks*, and poverty.

Netherlands. Want of education and *drunkenness.*

Norway. Laziness and *drunkenness.*

Russia. Fatalism and *drunkenness.*

Sweden. Poverty, and an *ever constant desire for spirits.*

Switzerland. Bad education, sensualism and *drunkenness. The wine traffic causes in some of the cantons* the commission of one crime *as the effect of wine to every 104 persons of the population.*

United States. Drunkenness is the proximate cause of much crime here.

Here, out of twelve nations who make answer, *ten* of these affirm that liquor is the cause contributing most largely to crime. It is absolutely true by the statements of all persons capable of judging, that rum causes from 80 to 90 per cent. of the misfortunes and crimes of the nations.

V. The Giant and the Street.

Allow each of your 3,648 saloons a *fifteen feet* frontage, and you will have a line over nine miles long. Now build up Washington Street on both sides, and both sides of Tremont Street, and Shawmut Avenue from the Old State House to Dudley Street, and you can form some idea of the stupendous business Boston's Big Giant is carrying on. Think of it! *two streets* solidly built *on both sides*, two miles and a quarter long, with only liquor saloons. But look once more, and into this avenue of death marches daily 109,440 human beings, a total for the year of 34,145,280. Now place this body of 109,440 men and women who enter these saloons daily into platoons of *ten each*, and put them three feet apart, and you have a solid column beginning at Charlestown Bridge, stretching up Washington to Dudley, turning Dudley into Shawmut Avenue, thence down Shawmut and Tremont to Cornhill, striking the line at the junction of Cornhill and Washington. Look at them, ten abreast, three feet apart, close marching order, hear their steady tramp! In this army of drinkers bartering peace, love, home, God, and heaven, are fathers, sons, husbands, brothers, mothers, daughters, wives, and sisters, the rich and the poor, the cultured and the ignorant, the virtuous and the vicious! As we look at these two streets, solidly buttressed on both sides with these gate-ways to hell, and witness the stream of humanity that hourly flows into these avenues of death, we may say in the changed phrase of Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade: —

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Walk these many hundred.
"Forward the Drink Brigade!
Charge for the doors," they said;
Into the valley of death
Walk these many hundred.

Saloons to right of them,
Saloons to left of them,
Saloons in front of them,
Opened and beckoned.
Stormed at with wail and knell,
Boldly they walk and well
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell
Walk these many hundred.

Stormed at with wail and knell,
Where men and women fell,
They that had woes to tell,
Came through the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of these hundreds."

The drowsy watchman cries, "eleven o'clock, and all is well!" Yet, 4,000 men and women are reeling along the streets to homes of elegance, or wretchedness, ready to commit any crimes their lust, cupidity, hate or madness shall prompt them to.

LECTURE III.

THE GIANT A COSTLY CHAP.

I. Boston's Big Giant is Costly in what he Eats.

According to the estimates of Dr. Hargreaves, the distillers and brewers of the United States consumed, in 1882, 66,660,792 bushels of grain. At only 50 cents a bushel this would be $33,330,396. The grain used for liquor will average 53 pounds to the bushel, yielding 40 pounds of flour; and these 40 pounds of flour will make 60 pounds of bread, or 15 four-pound loaves to every bushel. Here we have a grand total of 990,000,000 four-pound loaves, which is 99½ loaves to every family in the United States in 1880! If used for paving-stones they would pave a road 30 *feet wide and* 1500 *miles long* — *i. e.*, a road stretching westward across Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and to Omaha, Nebraska! Pile them up beside this hall. Now employ teams to remove them; allow each team thirty minutes to load, dump and return, hauling 500 loaves at a load and working ten hours a day, and how long would it take? It would require 228 teams a year, or 1 team 228 years! Suppose you witnessed such a sight, how long before you would *dump the wasters into the sea?* Dr. Hargreaves estimates the total annual loss to the country at $1,835,843,221!!

But what of Boston? Well, we shall find our Giant has an immense maw, and is a prodigious consumer. For the year ending May 1, 1882, our distillers of hard liquors turned out 1,102,293 gallons, and our brewers 22,180,128 gallons — a total of 23,282,421 gallons. It requires 1 bushel of grain for 3 gallons of liquor; so that there was consumed 7,760,807 bushels of grain, each bushel representing 15 four-pound loaves of bread; or a total of 116,412,105 loaves. Give me these loaves, and I will pave a street 18 *miles long and* 30 *feet wide*, or 8 streets 30 feet wide reaching from Winter to Dudley Street. In 1880 we had in the city 78,218 families; give me this bread, and I will distribute 1360 loaves to each family. Every loaf represents an empty stomach or a starving child! Thus rum "seeks to cloy the hungry edge of Appetite, by base imagination of a feast."

This is the consumption of breadstuff only! Study this a moment longer!

This grain at 75 cents a bushel cost $17,461,815.75. Well, is not the city enriched by that much? I buy from Jones five dollars' worth of dynamite; he gets five dollars cash. With the dynamite I blow up his buildings. By just so much as is his loss by the explosion, by just somuch is he a *loser* by the sale of the dynamite.

"*But beer is nutritious!*" Baron Liebig says there is the same amount of nutriment in two gallons of beer as in as much flour as would lie

on the point of a table knife; that is to say, you must drink 96 gallons (which is 3 barrels) of beer, to get the same nutriment there is in a *one-pound loaf of bread!!* Who is equal to that?

II. Look at the Capital he Destroys.

1. *The money invested in the plant.* This we believe to be $50,000,000, and represents buildings, machinery, rents, fittings, and furnishings necessary to the business, in the manufacturing, wholesale and retail trades.

2. *The labor he employs.* Allow 3 persons to each of the 3,648 liquor places, and you have 10,944 persons; with wages at $3 per day, and you have $32,832 as a daily salary expense, and for the year of 360 days you have $11,819,520. Suppose these men were engaged in something useful, and earned only $2 a day, you would have $7,879,680; so he takes from the capital of the city in the labor he employs $19,699,200. Let it be forever remembered that the Giant furnishes neither food for the stomach nor raiment for the person.

3. *Look again at the labor he destroys.* The total arrests for the year ending May 1, 1885, was 28,932. Deducting women (5,031) and minors (3,986), we have left 19,915 men. This at once represents 19,915 days; at $1 50 a day you have $29,862.50. Allow of this number 10,000 simple drunks, fined each $5, and you have $50,000. The remaining 9,915 are sentenced to 30 days each, and there is a total loss of 297,450 days; these at $1.50 a day each, and you have an aggregate of $446,175. These 19,915 men represent one in every 5½ of our voters or polls. Again, these 19.915 brothers who are thus unfitted for labor for a longer or shorter period, mean 1,659 for every month in the year, and 55 for every day in the 360 days of the year! Suppose an epidemic, with its fetid breath and withering touch, should disable 55 men every day; what an outcry against the Board of Health — garbage, sewer-gas, and what not!

Mark you, every dollar thus destroyed, means less fuel in the home, less cash in the pocket, poorer clothes on the back, less wholesome food for the stomach. It *may mean forgery* or *murder*, the *penitentiary* or the *gallows!*

4. *Now look at the money tribute he levies.* Allow $15 a day to each of the Giant's business places, 3,648 (and this is low), and you have a daily out-put of *clean cash*, of $54,720, and for the year you have substantially $20,000,000! Yet this is only the first cost to the consumer! only the *direct tax*. Give me this sum, and I will pay $253.30 as a gift, to every family in the city. And God knows! many of them need it! Give me this sum, and I will pay all the expenses connected with your public schools for *thirteen years*, and then have enough left to keep the streets shoveled in winter, and sprinkled in summer!

Suppose a gang of thieves, carefully organized, and systematically worked, should steal from the business houses, banks, offices, and private homes of the city, $20,000,000 a year; a million and a half each month! What an outcry! Detectives would be employed, police and watchmen would be doubled, bars and bolts used, vigilance committees organized, and the majesty of the law invoked!

Who can assign a limit to the evils resulting from this enormous consumption; when you remember that *twenty-five cents'* worth may unfit a man for business; *fifty cents'* worth may place his entire property at the disposal of a swindler; and *seventy-five cents'* worth may cause him to murder friend, parent, wife, or child!

III. Look At His Costliness In The Tax He Imposes.

1. *The penal institutions.* Bear in mind I am speaking only of Boston. — We have the *House of Industry*, *House of Correction*, *Marcella Street Home*, *Hawkins Street Lodge*, *Austin Farm Almshouse*, *Charlestown Almshouse & Lunatic Asylum*, beside still others. The annual expense of these institutions is in round numbers $615,000. If eighty-four per cent. of the misfortunes and crimes are attributable to rum, then *eighty-four per cent.* of this sum, is $516,006, and is to be credited to the Giant's business. You must yet add *eighty-four per cent* of the amount invested in the reality, (whatever that may be,) represented by these institutions.

2. *The paupers he begets.* In city Document No. 32, estimated expenses for 1886, the pauper expenses is estimated at $166,500. It will be safe to credit $120,000 of this expense to the Giant. The Police Commissioners' report, for the year ending *May 1, 1885*, say there were 21,603 lodgers, at the Hawkins Street Lodge; of these, certainly 16,000 can be charged to the Giant. It is safe to say that *one* out of every *five* paupers, are made so by rum. Think of the systems of charity organised, — The Y. M. C. A. Y. M. C. U., Y. W. C. A., private, church, corporate, and secret societies! Look at the horde of street mendicants, who having been spotted by all, yet swarm around our back doors, or gather the refuse offal from market, and swill-barrel, and then you will believe the number of paupers chargeable to rum in this city, cannot fall far below 20,000, at least *eight times* the size of this audience.

3 *See his cost, once more, in the criminals he makes.* Of the 28,932 arrests, 16,780 was for drunkenness. This is a crime, but eliminate them now, we have left 12,152 criminals, ten thousand of these are made so by the Giant. Police Commissioners' report, page 11, we have the fines imposed by the court as $59,655, witness fees, $21,840, or a total of $81,495 The aggregate amount of imprisonment is 1,802 years, 648,720 days. It will cost fifty cents a day to maintain these prisoners, which is $324,360. Now the expense of the police force (less the amount earned by them) is $908,369, eighty-four per cent. of which is $763,239 in round numbers. Mr. Johnson, an intelligent and careful lawyer, estimates the court expenses annually at $200,000. I will place it at $150,000.

Now let me repeat these figures, for if possible, I want you to grasp, and hold them.

Police force made necessary by the Giant	$763,239 00
Maintenance of criminals for the year	324,360 00
Fines imposed by the courts	59,655 00
Witness fees	21,840 00
Expenses of courts	150,000 00
And you have	$1,119,094 00

in the criminal tax he imposes *upon you* in a single year!

Recapitulate.

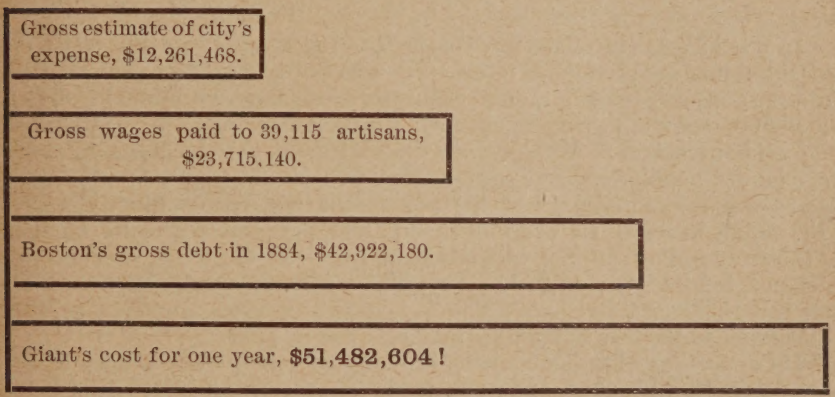
I will drop out the fifty millions invested, and look at what he annually demands of us, as a tribute to his business:

Grains consumed	$17,461,815 00
In the labor he employs	11,819,520 00
In his destruction of labor	446,175 00
Paid for drinks over the counter	20,000,000 00
Penal institutions he necessitates	516,000 00
Paupers to be maintained	120,000 00
Criminal expenses incurred	1,119,094 00
	$51,482,604 00

Your State, county, and city tax for 1885, has a *per capita* tax of $22.29; but the Giant assesses $132.46 on every man, woman, and child in the city. *One hundred and ten* dollars more a head for the Giant, than for State, county, and municipal purposes together! Is it not time for you tax-payers to call a halt?

The total valuation of the city in 1884, was $685,404,600, so that in every 13½ years, *you drink up the value of the city!* According to the census of Massachusetts for 1880, the thirty-four principal manufacturing industries of this city, gave employment to 39,115 persons, whose total wages aggregated $23,715,140. These are adding to the wealth of the community, State, and Nation; contributing to the peace, happiness, virtue, and well-being of the people; and yet, to these laborious and virtuous toilers, we pay in round numbers $28,000,000 less than to this debasing RUM DEVIL!

Can you see now, why the times are hard?


Gross estimate of city's expense, $12,261,468.
Gross wages paid to 39,115 artisans, $23,715,140.
Boston's gross debt in 1884, $42,922,180.
Giant's cost for one year, $51,482,604!

With this sum I will pay your gross city debt of say $43,000,000, and $8,500,000 of your gross annual estimate for this year of grace 1886!!

November 9–10, '72 (thirteen years ago), occurred our great fire; 65 *acres* were burned over! 776 buildings consumed, and property worth $78,000,000 destroyed. How this catastrophe touched the remotest civilizations, and evoked a world-wide sympathy! But, gentlemen, has it occurred to you, that in rum's fiery holocaust you consume *once* in every 16½ *months*, as much value as your great fire?

Prize-fights, cocking-mains, rat-pits, and dog-fights, are growing, and they are the product of this rum Giant! What makes it possible to bring together from ten to fifteen thousand people to witness a pugilistic encounter, and they not hoodlums, roughs, sluggers, and dead rabbits only, but lawyers, merchants, and bankers? I answer, Rum.

What does the Giant give us in return for this enormous outlay? He annually robs the public schools of 3,000 children, inspires *six rapes*, vomits upon the community 200 *insane*, horrifies the people with *seven cases* of sodomy, and *thirty-eight* instances of lewdness, commits 2,676 assaults, crimsons the year with the ghastliness of *eighteen* murders, makes 20,000 drunkards, worse than widows 10,000 wives and mothers, mantles with the blush of shame 15,000 innocent and helpless children, and starts on the express train for ruin, over 30,000 souls in this goodly city! This is a VITAL question, and at *some point*, touches every citizen.

LECTURE IV.

THE GIANT THREATENING.

In previous Lectures we have seen that for *every school* the city has, the Giant has *seven* saloons; for *every teacher* in our city schools, the Giant has *eight* engaged in his business; and that we annually spend $9,000,000 more in paying liquor men their salaries, than we pay to our 1,356 school teachers. We have shown that there is *one* church to every 1,757 of our population, and *one* preacher to each 878 persons; while rum has *one gin-mill* to each 107 of the population, and *one* employe engaged in the liquor business for every *thirty-six*, and that the aggregate number of those attending on the ministries of rum for the year, reaches the enormous total of 34,145,280! The rum business, *outside of the plant*, costs us $51,000,000 in round numbers; consuming every *seventeen* months a sum equal to the loss caused by the great fire in 1872.

He is making widows of wives, orphans of children, criminals of citizens, forgers, libertines, and murderers, of the people; absorbing our property, and increasing our *annual tax* by at least *eighty per cent!* so that our very existence is threatened; and our ruin, financial, social and moral, seems only a question of days. With these facts before us, what shall we do with this bloody and destructive Ghoul?

I. "Let Him Alone!"

Growl his friends and allies. "*Let us alone*," said treason, when it sought the disintegration of these United States! This is the cry of the *thief*, as he plies his vocation; the *incendiary*, with his torch; the *murderer*, with his blade; the *libertine* with his victim! We *cannot let him alone and live!* The tiger is at your throat; the murderer has his hand on your baby boy in his crib. We are on a Vesuvius, whose eruption, whelming all in its fiery ruin, is only a question of time!

He won't let you alone! Take the man who drinks, on whom the rum-fiend holds a mortgage, will he let him alone? Nay, verily, until he has plucked the money from his pocket, the clothes from his back, the manly from his life, and the hope from his soul, and cast his liquor-soaked body into a drunkard's grave!

Strange, isn't it? Whiskey will preserve a *dead man* from decay, and yet cause decay in a *living* one!!

II. "Regulate Him," Cry the Prudent.

By this, hedge him about with statutory restraints, and handicap him with legal disabilities. Suppose a band of roughs, sweeping our streets, knocking down innocent citizens, and stealing their purses and watches, smashing windows and appropriating the contents of the stores, shall we say, "Gentlemen, we must regulate this mob." If a fire was consuming $1,000,000 worth a week, or about $143,000 a day, what would you do? Why, *Regulate it*, of course! If a *mad dog* bites 3,986 children a year, or *eleven* every day? *Regulate him!* How?

1. *By local option.* Let the people say whether they want a mad dog, or not. Like Watertown, they *vote no*. But Boston has the *mad dog* and now more people are bitten in Watertown than when they had the dog. Marblehead voted to *kill* the *mad dog*, *Salem* voted to feed him, and Marblehead has more drunkards than ever, so that they now run a *drunkard's car*, we are told, from Salem to Marblehead.

2. *By limitations and conditions.* Allow him to sell only six days in a week, and seventeen hours a day, provided he have no *screens*, and does not sell to a man who is *drunk*. Your dog must bite in daylight, and after the dog has bitten the man, and the man is mad with the virus, he must not bite him again! Dog may bite, viper sting, rough strike, murderer stab, the incendiary fire, — provided they do it openly, and between the hours of *six* in the morning and *eleven* at night!

III. "Legalize Him," Shouts the Economist.

That is to say, rough will strike, incendiary will burn, dog will bite, but let us have them do it with the *consent* of the *law* and not against it. By this you will understand license. Look for a moment at some arguments by which it is urged.

1. *License pays a large revenue into the public treasury.* The total revenue collected by the Federal Government for 1883 on distilled and malt liquors was $944,629,581, while the *direct* and *indirect* cost to the nation was $1,835,843,221, so that it cost us $891,213,640 more than we gained.

But we are in *Boston!!* true, and let us see what Yankee prudence, and tact, energy and intelligence does here! Police Commissioner's Report, page 26, makes this statement:

Total revenue from licenses		$521,178 00
Expenses connected with enforcement of licenses	$25,940 24	
Paid by City to the State	129,637 25	
		155,577 49
Leaving a net balance in the treasury, to the City, of		$365,600.51

for which sum we pay $50,000,000 at least! How long could a business man conduct thus? This is the *gratuity* the philanthropic tax-payers of Boston pay to the Giant, to keep him in our midst! I am not surprised that he loves Boston, and longs to remain!

2. *License gives us a better class of men and shops.* Beer, five cents, hard liquors, and Tom and Jerry ten cents, in high or low places. Will

not more *nice* young man go into a respectable saloon? Will the poor sot be kept out, if he has the money to buy? Still true, water runs down hill. Beacon street is not reformed by the North End, but the North End is recruited from Beacon street!

3. *License lessens the number of saloons by shutting up unlicensed.* The contrary is the fact. License increases the number of *unlicensed.* When in the memory of man did the licensed seller complain of his unlicensed brother? It is the interest of the manufacturer and wholesale men to secure all the agents possible; hence encourage to sell without license; and often manufacturer and wholesaler, are bondsmen for the licensee.

I Am opposed to License Now and Always.

My reasons are the following, in part.

1. *It does not restrain.* In 1663, Puritans passed their first law to restrain the rum business, 253 years ago; is he restrained? From 1792 to 1822, population increased *two and one-half fold!* but liquor distilled and used, *six!* The population of 1880 showed an increase over 1870 of *three per cent*, but the production of distilled and malt liquors, a fraction over *eighteen per cent.*

Those of largest observation, declare license a failure. In 1833, Dr. Herman Humphrey, President of Amherst College, said: "It is as plain to me, as the sun in a clear summer sky, that the license laws of our country, constitute one of the main pillars on which the stupendous fabric of intemperance now rests." In the same year, Rev. Dr. Justin Edwards said: "Some say the object of licensing is not to encourage the sale and use of spirits, but to restrain and prevent it." To this we answer that it does not "restrain and prevent it." It has been tried for over half a century, but the evil has steadily increased. Hon. Gerritt Smith affirmed: "The license law is a powerful persuasive to sin, cherishing a spirit of self-justification under the shield of law." *Hon. Judge Platt* of New York, said: "The law which licenses the sale of ardent spirits, is an impediment to the temperance reformation." And the Grand Inquest for the county and city of New York, declares: "It is our solemn impression that the time has now arrived when our public authorities should no longer sanction the evils complained of, by granting licenses for the purpose of vending ardent spirits, thereby legalizing the traffic at the expense of our moral, intellectual, and physical powers." *Mr. Linus Child*, in behalf of a committee of the legislature in 1838, sums up their views thus. "It may well be doubted whether intemperance would have increased with more rapid strides, if no legislative regulation of the sale of intoxicating liquors had ever been made."

I submit after 253 years, it is time to try some other tack.

2. *It involves the right to license anything else.* It is an evil, or it is not. If *that*, ought not to be, if *this*, does not *need* to be. Gambling, prostitution, prize rings, etc., are evils, shall we license them? A witness before a legislative committee urged license, "because men will sell." Men will burn, steal, murder; *ergo*, license them!

Schmidt's dog bites, now license him; will his having a license make his bite less painful or dangerous?

3. *It makes law an educator of vice.* Law's intendment is to protect innocent and punish guilty. It is a restraining force, and an educational factor of great influence when it proscribes a crime, and puts its seal

of disapprobation upon it, our children grow up with the conviction in their minds of the evil of that thing. Legalize the prize ring, and make laws to regulate it, and in a century our boys will have grown into a nation of gladiators.

4. *It is an unjust monopoly.* One hundred and fifty men apply for license to drive express wagons, you grant them; 150 apply for license to sell liquor, you grant 140, and reject *ten.* Why this discrimination? If wrong for the *ten*, cannot be right for 140. If *right* for these, cannot be wrong for *those.* Rights are as old as man, and no legislature or congress may make or unmake them, even though the licensee drop his *coin* into the public coffers. Again, why charge one man more than another? Is not that placing public favors on a money basis, and discriminating between the poor man and the rich?

5. *It throws a halo of respectability over the business.* You make the licensee the servant of the public, doing its will. What says a license, "Take thou authority to tempt men, to change them into beasts, to dye their hands in the blood of their murdered fellows, to desolate homes, break hearts, blast hopes, and ruin souls. And if any man say aught to thee, show him this our license, and when thou standest before the Eternal Judge, show *him our license.*"

6. *It is an injustice to property-holders.* Judges, statisticians, commissioners of public charities, clerks of the courts, etc., all affirm that *eighty per cent.* of crime and destitution comes from rum; then a license means, to place an additional *eighty per cent.* tax on my property! What hope has the frugal and industrious citizen, between the upper and nether millstone of this legalized spoliation? The amazement is, that the people endure it!

7. *The Giant wants it.* In the convention of liquor dealers held in John A. Andrew Hall, in this city, Thomas Carberry, President, and John O. Donnell, Secretary, a Prof. Gockritz, from the Committee on Resolutions, made this report in part: "*Resolved*, That *we are not* in favor of repealing the license law, but of improving it, by eradicating from its paragraphs those *sentences* which give a chance for *injustice, malice, and corruption.*" This is just what the Giant does, therefore eradicate him!

Now if the Giant wants license, I do not; for I am morally certain he finds something in it inuring to his interests. Would you accept a law framed by a gang of thieves or murderers, or favor one for which they all clamored?

8. *It is contrary to God's methods.* Everywhere God *prohibits* wrong, and nowhere does he license it. He hurled Lucifer out of heaven; he drove the law-breakers out of Eden; he blotted out with a watery deluge the sin-persistent Ante-deluvians; he burnt up the defiant cities of the plain.

IV. "Give us High License," say the Genteel.

Ah, yes; that is it! Schmidt's dog is a bad dog. Look, here, Schmidt, that dog of yours is savage; he has torn to pieces eleven children yesterday, and seventy-seven last week." "Vosh dot so!" "Well, you are paying only the license of a common dog, but you must pay more. Instead of two dollars, you must pay *a hundred dollars a year!* Schmidt pays his hundred dollars, takes off the old brass collar from his dog, and puts on a new *silver one*, and says, "Now, den, mine dog ish free to tare so many children osh he vants." *And that is high license!*

What a difference it does make in that dog's disposition, habits, and conduct, in changing collars and paying ninety-eight dollars more into the City treasury! What a difference in the annual number of victims from that saloon, when it pays ten thousand dollars a year instead of one! Will there be fewer to drink? will there be less intoxicating property in the liquor drank? will there be less crime and misery in the men made drunk? I conclude by saying

1. The selling of liquor as a beverage is harmless or harmful, if that, it needs not to be licensed; if this, it ought not to be. Hence, I vote no.

2. License makes legally right, what I believe to be morally wrong; therefore I vote no.

3. It is not a question whether a prohibitory law can be enforced, but whether the thing prohibited is wrong. Believing the latter, I vote no.

4. Two hundred and fifty years of license has failed to abate the evil, or correct the nuisance. Therefore, I vote no.

5. I may not do that which endangers my fellowman in his peace, happiness, usefulness, health, or life. I believe that license menaces him in these respects; and hence I vote no.

6. The entire Scripture by all fair interpretation, condemns drunkenness. License tends to make drunkards. I therefore vote no.

7. As license means the expenditure of all that is good, for all that is bad, I vote no, first, last, and always!

LECTURE V.

IN THE FIGHT — WHO'LL WHIP?

In the fight — battle is set — been raging with more or less fierceness for 250 years! Thousands have fallen on both sides — from beginning until now, been a great expenditure of blood and money. It is a question of whether we shall whip or be whipped — which? Can we whip in this fight? and if so, how?

I. We Must Begin at the Foundation — Childhood.

"As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined. "" The boy is father to the man." "France wants mothers," said Napoleon. Madam De Stael said, "Give me the child's first seven years, and I care not who shall take him afterward." A right move, putting temperance text-books into the curriculum of the public schools. Already seventeen States and one Territory are enrolled! This differs from the "Bands of Hope;" these were only organizations, with neither a strong, intelligent or moral basis, depending for their enthusiasm and continuance upon songs, badges, parades, etc. It was powder without shot; a scabbard without a sword.

David and Goliath of Gath. Boy skilled from his youth — so here — boys living who will stand on the dead carcass of this beheaded giant.

II. Enforce Personal Prohibition.

Boy in strike with telegraph despatch deliverers, "Will you strike again?" "Not if I knows it; one meal a day ain't agreeable to me."

1. *For your own sake.* What has whiskey done for you or yours, that you should give your hard earnings to fatten the giant? He rides in his coach, and you tramp the street in soleless shoes!

"Let him alone, he's taking the shingles off his house and putting them on mine!" *But he didn't.*

2. *For the sake of your wife.* You promised to love, cherish and protect her; but when you drink, you take from her to give to another man's wife.

Think of your wife, she cut loose from old moorings, to be convoyed by you. Her breast, a pillow for your head; her voice, a tonic to your virtue; her kiss, the inspiration to your life; her arms a protection to your manhood; her tireless vigils, the consolation of your trusting heart. Don't drink for her sake.

3. *For the sake of your children.* "Pa, you ain't a drunkard, are you?"

"Mama, may I pray one more prayer of my own?" "Yes, darling" — "Oh God, spare, oh spare my dear papa!" That prayer was heard in heaven by the Almighty, and on earth by the father, and he became a sober man.

4. *For the sake of your brother man.* The Pauline interpretation of the Christian spirit and duty, is this: "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth." This is a Christlike action. Hear his appeal, "For meat destroy not the work of God."

The deacon and the drunkard — "I'll sign, if deacon will."

Dean of Chichester — "I had in my parish, at Leeds, a man who earned 18 shillings ($4.50) a week, gave wife 7 ($1.75), and spent 11 ($2.75) in drink. I went to him one day and said, "Suppose you quit altogether for 6 *months?*" "Well, if I do, will you, sir?" was the reply. "Yes, I will," I said; "what?" said he, "from beer, spirits, and wine?" "Yes;" "and how shall I know if you keep your promise?" "you ask my misses, and I'll ask yours." Agreed to — renewed. He never drank afterward — is now a prosperous and happy man, and I, Dean of Chichester." *Did it pay?*

III. By Constitutional Prohibition.

1. *What is the constitution?* In a republican government, it is made by the people, and for the people. It is a Democracy — *Damos*, the people; and *Kratein*, to be strong, to rule. Hence government by the people; with the supreme power in the hands of the people, and directly exercised by them. Every State is a federation or copartnership, in which every citizen of certain age and qualification becomes a partner. These articles of copartnership can be changed by a majority of the partners in the firm.

We, the people, make and unmake our constitutions, and they have not, and never can have any more or different authority, than that which we please to place there.

Some of these legislators seem to think they *make*, and are the *custodians* of the constitutions! Gentlemen, they are our servants, hired by us, and paid by us to do our work, and if they fail to do it as we want it done, we'll elect them to stay at home, and attend to their own personal matters.

2. *I want Constitutional rather than Statutory Prohibition.* For these reasons, — *a. It will give the law greater dignity.* It is formally done by the people, after mature deliberation, and thorough discussion. It enters into and becomes a part of the organic law of the commonwealth. It is made fundamental. *b. It is more difficult to change.* Statutory laws are the enactments annually made and passed by the general court. They make and change these *ad libitum*. But once *in* the constitution, it can only be taken *out* by the people. Possible for a syndicate of liquor dealers to buy up a legislature, but they can't buy up the commonwealth, — Not much! You have had *statutory* prohibition, but it did not stay. Now let us put something in that will.

You can remove a roof more easily than a foundation; you can change a spar, but difficult to replace the keel.

Suppose the fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States was only a statutory enactment, how long would it continue, think you?

c. It will save us from an annual fight. *Edmund Burke* says, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty,"—so here. If only statutory, we must plan, word, vote, fight, pay, and pray each year. It entails a vast amount of work, time, means, and wear and tear. It annually arrays classes in community, and thus tends to destroy the peace of the people. *d. It removes it from the domain of politics.* It is neither a Republican, Democratic, or third-party measure, but the result of all these united. In every State in which Constitutional prohibition has been secured, it has been by a coalition of these better elements in all parties, — Maine, Iowa, Kansas, and Alabama, are instances.

Gunpowder is composed of saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal. These separate, harmless as a baby's toy — some scarcely burn — but unite them, and it becomes an explosive, hurling thunderbolts of destruction in all directions.

Admiral Nelson, at Trafalgar,—two officers at enmity,—"Gentlemen, there are your enemies, shake hands, and be friends!" So I say to Democrats, Republicans, Greenbackers, and Third Party men, Gentlemen, "This Giant is your foe, shake hands and be friends, and unite to defeat him!"

e. It will save us from the degenerative forces in the large cities. The cities grow more rapidly than the rural districts. True in the east, indeed, the city is swallowing up the country, and that makes living high—too few producers, and too many consumers.

The bulk of the population of this city is in favor of the Giant, and is solidly arrayed by his side. How are the wives, mothers, children, and virtuous to cope with these masses successfully? By the large villages and towns in the commonwealth coming to our aid, and giving us Constitutional prohibition, with a Metropolitan constabulary to enforce it.

The Giant don't like Metropolitan Police Commissioners. Of course he don't; *but we do.* This is the first grip—give us the second—Constitutional prohibition, and a Metropolitan Police to enforce it, and we'll strangle him in Boston.

IV. But how shall we obtain Constitutional Prohibition?

Like Sampson, with Delilah, the Giant has been constantly deceiving us. Touch me here or there, and then I'll be powerless. Prohibition is the rope that will bind him. How shall we get it?

1. *Demand it by petition.* Circulate petitions. *a.* Among voters only *b.* Wives and mothers only. *c. Unmarried women* over 21 years of age; and *d.* Among minors of both sexes, over 18 years of age. This is simply to demand that an opportunity to vote in favor of an amendment be submitted. Then when submitted, what?

2. *Hold public meetings* in every ward, precinct, village, school district, town, and church in the State.

Agitate! Agitate!! Agitate!!! By agitation God purifies the atmosphere, so here!

Instruct the ignorant, awaken the careless, interest the indifferent, encourage the timid, steady the wavering, and swell the ranks of the heroic, earnest, and tireless workers. Let it be understood, that we who are opposed to the Giant, do not demand that temperate people shall not drink, because intemperate people get drunk, nor do we seek to control the personal habits of any of our citizens; but we *do demand that the people shall be allowed to say whether they want the Grog-shop business continued, and whether they are still willing to pay the taxes which this liquor Giant imposes upon them.*

In Order to Succeed.

a. Let women help. Let her teach, plead, preach, and pray. *Sisera*, slain by Jael, wife of Heber, the Kenite, — so here, Godly women can aid in the destruction of this demon, without suffrage, as well as with it. *b. Let men of all creeds, colors, nationalities, and parties unite, pray, work and vote.* "God forbid I should mix religion and politics;" if they won't mix, *one* or *both* wrong.

(Feb., 1891, 20,000)

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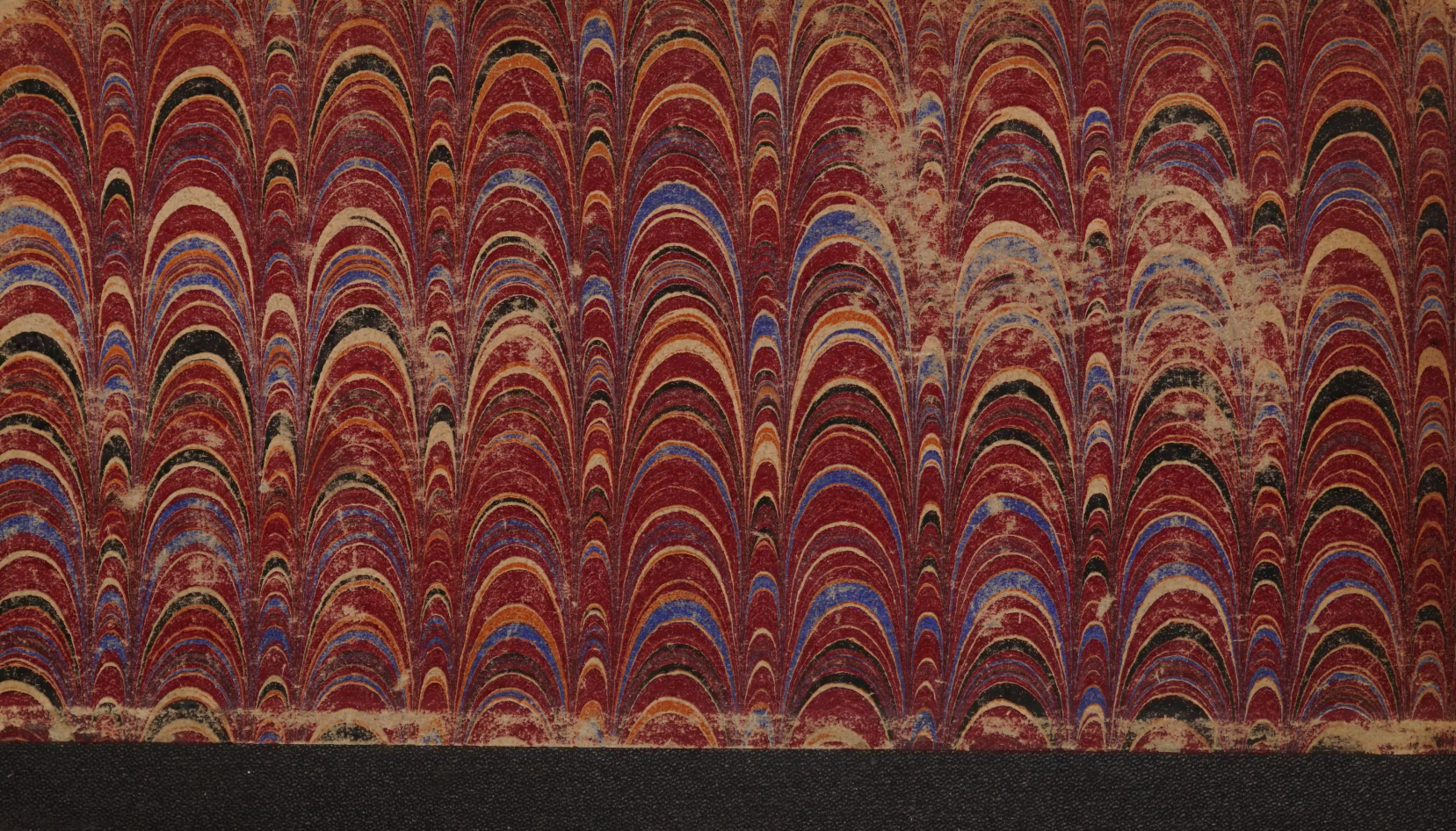
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